

## "Ma'am?"

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.  
Illustrated by Dom J. Lavin.

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Continued from Sunday.

They could hear from far ahead a sound as of roaring waters.

"That," said Saterlee dryly, "will be Gila river. Maybe we'll have to think about getting across that first. It's a river now, by the sound of it, if it never was before."

"Fortunately it's not dark yet," said Mrs. Kimbal.

"The last time I had trouble with a river," said Saterlee, "was when my first wife died. That was the American river in flood. I had to cross it to get a doctor. We'd gone prospecting—just the old woman and me—more for a lark than profit."

He broke off short. "And there's Gila river," he said.

"I hoped you were going to tell me what your poor wife said in her letter," said Mrs. Kimbal.

"Oh, Ma'am," he said, hesitating, cleared his throat, and became confused.

"If you'd rather not—" said Mrs. Kimbal.

"It isn't that," he said. "It would seem like bragging."

"Surely not," she said.

Saterlee, with his eyes on the head, brown wood which they were approaching, repeated like a lesson:

"Mark—I'm dying. I want it to do good, not harm. Jenny always thought the world of you. You'll be lonely when I'm gone. I don't want you to be lonely. You gave me peace on earth. And you can't be happy unless you've got a woman to pet and pamper. That's your nature."

He paused.

"That was all," he said, and wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand. "It just stopped there."

"I'm glad you told me," said Mrs. Kimbal gently.

When they came to where the road disappeared under the swift, unbroken brown of Gila river, the old horse paused.

"It all depends," said Saterlee, "how deep the water runs over the road, and whether we can keep to the road. Can you swim, Ma'am?"

Mrs. Kimbal admitted that, in clothes made to the purpose, and in very shallow water, she was not without proficiency.

"Would you rather we turned back?" he asked.

"I feel sure you'll get me over," said she.

For some moments Saterlee considered the river, knitting his brows to see better, for the light was failing by leaps and bounds. Then, in an embarrassed voice:

"I've got to do it," he said. "It's only right."

"What?" said Mrs. Kimbal.

"I feel sure," he said, "that under the circumstances you'll make every allowance, Ma'am."

Without further hesitation—in fact, with almost desperate haste, as if wishing to dispose of a disagreeable duty—he ripped open the buttons of his waistcoat and removed it at the same time with his coat, as if the two had been but one garment.

"Please," she said, "don't mind anything on my account."

He reached desperately for his boots, unlaced them, and took them off.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Kimbal, "both your heels need darning!"

Saterlee had tied his boots together, and was fastening them around his neck by the remainder of the laces.

"I haven't anybody to do my darning now," he said. "My girls are all at school, except two that's married. So—" He finished his knot, took the reins in his left hand and the whip in his right.

At first the old mare would not budge. Saterlee brought down the whip upon her with a sound like that of a small cannon. She sighed and walked gingerly into the river.

The water rose slowly, and they were half-way across before it had reached the hubs of the wheels. But the mare appeared to be in deeper. She refused to advance, and once more turned and stared with a kind of wistful rudeness. Then she saw the whip, before it fell, made a desperate plunge, and floundered into deep water—but without the buggy.

One rotten shaft had broken clean off, both rotten traces, and the reins, upon which hitherto there had been no warning pull, were jerked from Saterlee's loose fingers. The old mare reached the further shore presently, swimming and scrambling upon a descending diagonal, stalked sedately up the bank, and then stood still, only turning her head to look at the buggy stranded in mid-stream.

Saterlee was climbing out of the buggy.

"Now," said he, "if you'll just tie my coat round your neck by the sleeves and then you'll have to let me carry you."

Mrs. Kimbal did as she was told. But the buggy, relieved at last of all weight, slid off sideways with the current, turned turtle, and was carried swiftly down-stream. Saterlee, staggering from the footing was uncertain, and holding Mrs. Kimbal by the reins in his arms, started for shore. The water rose above his waist, and kept rising. He halted, bracing himself against the current.

"Ma'am," he said, in a discouraged voice, "it's no use. I've just got to let you get wet. We've got to swim to make it."

"All right," she said cheerfully. She gave a little shivery gasp.

"It's not really cold," she said. "How strong the current pulls. Will you have to swim and tow me?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then wait," she said. "Don't let me be carried away."

He steadied her while she drew the hatpins from her hat and dropped it carefully on the water as if that had been her dressing-table. Then she took down her hair. It was in two great brown shining braids. The ends disappeared in the water, listing down-stream.

Shorn of her hat and her elaborate hair-dressing, the lady was no longer showy, and Saterlee, out of the tail of an admiring eye, began to see real

beauties about her that had hitherto eluded him.

"It will be easier, won't it," she said, "if you have my hair to hold by?" I think I can manage to keep on my back.

"May I, Ma'am?" said Saterlee.

She laughed at his embarrassment. And half-thrust the two great braids into the keeping of his strong left hand.

A moment later Saterlee could no longer keep his footing.

"Now, Ma'am," he said, "just let yourself go."

And he swam to shallow water, not without great labor, toward Mrs. Kimbal by the hair. But here he picked her up in his arms, this time with no word spoken, and carried her ashore.

Some moments passed.

"Well," she said, laughing, "aren't you going to put me down?"

"Oh," said he, terribly confused, "I forgot. I was just casting an eye around for that horse. She's gone."

"It'll be heavy going, wet as you are," said he.

"I'll soon be dry in this air," she said.

Saterlee managed to pull his boots on over his wet socks, and Mrs. Kimbal, having given him his wet coat from her neck, stopped and wrung as much water as she could from her clothes.

It was nearly dark, but they found the road and went on.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"My watch was in my vest," said Saterlee.

"How far to Carcasonne house?"

"About thirty miles."

"She did not speak again for some time."

"Well," she said, a little hardness in her voice, "you'll hardly be in time to steer your boy away from my girl."

"No," said he. "I won't. And you'll hardly be in time to steer your girl away from my boy."

"Oh," she said, "you misconceive me entirely, Mr. Saterlee. As far as I'm concerned, my only regret now is that I can't be in time to dance at the wedding."

About midnight they saw a light, and, forsaking what they believed in light moments to be the road, they made for it across country.

The light proved to be a lantern upon the porch of a ramshackle shanty. An old man with immense horn-rimmed spectacles was reading a faded magazine.

When the couple came close, the old man looked up from his reading, and blessed his soul several times.

"It do beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed in nasal tones, "if here ain't two more."

"Two more what?" said Saterlee.

"It's the floods, I reckon," whined the old man. "There's three on the kitchen floor and there's two ladies in my bed. This is a bad time."

There wasn't no bed for a man in his own home."

"But," said Saterlee, "you must find some place for this lady to rest. She's worn out with walking and hunger."

"Stop!" whined the old man, smiting his thigh. "If there ain't that there mattress in the loft! And I can't forget, and told the boys that I hadn't nothin' better than a rug or two in the kitchen floor."

"A mattress!" exclaimed Saterlee. "Splendid! I guess you can sleep some on anything near as good as a mattress, Can't you, Ma'am?"

"Indeed I could!" she said. "But you have been through as much as I have—more. I won't take it."

The old man's white interrupted.

"Ain't you two married?" he said.

"No," said Saterlee shortly.

"Now ain't that ridiculous?" meditated the old man; "I thought you was all along." His eyes brightened behind the spectacles. "It ain't for me to interfere in course," he said, "but hereabouts I'm a justice of the peace."

Neither spoke.

He could rouse up the boys in the kitchen for witnesses," he insisted.

Saterlee turned suddenly to Mrs. Kimbal, but his voice was very humble.

"Ma'am?" he suggested.

(The End.)

A GENTLE AND EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE.

A mild, gentle and effective laxative is what people demand when suffering from constipation. Thousands swear by Dr. King's New Life Pills. Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio, Tex., writes:

"They are, beyond question, the best pills my wife and I have ever taken." They never cause pain. Price 25c. Recommended by all druggists.—Advertisement.

WHITCOMB AUTO IS FOUND NEAR LAPORTE

Joy Riders Run Out of Gasoline and Abandon Car—Believed Same Men Took Bagby Car.

That the L. C. Whitcomb automobile, which was recovered near Laporte Saturday, was taken by joy-riders is the belief of South Bend police, who are making an effort to nab the offenders.

When they took the machine from near the front of the First Presbyterian church Friday night, it contained enough gasoline to run about 30 miles. When it was found, the tank was empty. It was found on the west side of the road and headed toward South Bend.

Police believe the men were bringing it back to the city when the gasoline gave out. It was found by C. P. Nelson, a farmer at Bald Hill, and Laporte officials hauled it back to that city. It will be returned to South Bend Monday.

It is believed that the same offenders took the Harry Bagby car on Thursday night and abandoned it when it broke down on Main st., near the police station the next day.

CALL "RITUAL MURDER" INSULT TO THE WORLD

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—Resolutions expressing indignation against what is termed an insult to civilization, the "ritual murder" trial at Kiev were forwarded Monday to Secy. of State Bryan to be handed by him to the court of Russia.

The meeting at which the resolutions were adopted packed two of the largest theaters in Chicago.

Judge Edward Osgood Brown, a Roman Catholic, was chairman of the largest meeting. Rev. Father F. J. O'Callaghan was one of the chief speakers. Rabbi Emil Hirsch was the only representative of the Jewish faith, to speak in protest against the trial of the Russian Jew for the alleged "ritual murder."

It comes back that well feeling, healthy look, puts the sap of life in your system. Protects you from disease. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has no equal as a Fall tonic for the whole family. Connelly Drug Store. Adv.

WOOL DUSTERS. Regular 75c dusters 45c at Connelly Drug Store. Adv.

## South Bend Women Were Divided on Question of Letting Mrs. Pankhurst In

BY MARGARET TOBIN.

South Bend women interviewed before Pres. Wilson's decision Monday were found to hold varying opinions regarding the distinguished, or notorious—as the viewpoint may be—stranger outside our gates, Mrs. Pankhurst.

"I say she should be admitted," said Mrs. E. J. Harrison, a delegate from the Progress club to the coming convention of the State Federation of Women's clubs. And Mrs. Harrison spoke promptly and resolutely. Mrs. Harrison is a staunch suffragist and an Englishwoman.

"I think Mrs. Pankhurst ought to be given a chance," Mrs. Harrison went on. "All she wants is a fair hearing. The situation in England is entirely different from what it is here and she ought to be given an opportunity to explain what she is really doing."

May Hear Truth.

"All that America knows of the militants it has learned from the newspapers," Mrs. Harrison continued, "and with due respect to newspapers, they have given us a distorted view of the conditions in England. It would be worth while to hear the truth."

"The Englishman is a tyrant, and you can see that," said Mrs. Harrison. "The man insists upon being the absolute ruler of his household and the woman often dares to raise her voice."

"I am not for fire and flood and riot," she concluded, "and I should deplore those methods in a suffrage campaign as much as anyone. But if we understood better the Englishwoman's problem we would have more sympathy for her."

Mrs. C. M. R. Haeske, formerly president of the Progress club would keep her out.

"I do not approve one bit of permission for Pankhurst to set our nation up with her violent attitude," said Mrs. Haeske. "She won't do any good here and she can't possibly get away from her militant point of view."

"I notice that Mrs. Raymond Robins calls her a prophet," continued Mrs. Haeske, referring to an interview with Mrs. Robins that appeared in the morning edition of the

News-Times, "but I think that a prophet must be 'sane' rather than Mrs. Pankhurst's actions in England have shown her to be."

Mrs. Haeske admitted, however, that the Englishwoman might have some provocation to militancy. Englishmen do not take quite the same viewpoint toward the suffrage movement as do the men of America.

All the same Mrs. Pankhurst's judgment has become warped, she thinks. She is not the right leader for a great movement. She has let her enthusiasm drift off into fanaticism.

Mrs. Haeske is a friend of the suffrage movement, she says, and of every phase of the movement that is meant to broaden women's influence and opportunities.

"I don't think it would hurt matters at all to send her back." In that light-hearted way Mrs. Joseph E. Williams, a member of both the Impromptu and Progress clubs, disposed of the case of Mrs. Pankhurst.

Women are emotional, she gave as her reason, and there is a danger that Mrs. Pankhurst's militant attitude might stir the American women to do rash and unseemly things.

The suffrage movement in this country has been conducted in a sane, level-headed way, Mrs. Williams says. Leaders like Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke and other women in Indiana have worked hard to keep the movement in Indiana on the same high plane. I would be too bad to inject militancy into it now.

"And anyway," said Mrs. Williams, "she is doing such fine work across the water. It is the best place for her."

Mrs. Williams said she was brought to see the justice in Mrs. Pankhurst's militant methods in England in the interview given out by Mrs. Pankhurst while being held at Ellis Island.

Mrs. Pankhurst compared the militant Englishwoman's fight to Lee light made by our forefathers in the American. Both fought for political recognition. And Mrs. Williams concluded, "men can revolt, why may not women."

Mrs. Harry Bartlett, president of the Women's Franchise league in South Bend, said there might be two points of view.

"If one insisted on a strict enforcement of the letter of the law, she perhaps should be excluded. But, if it is merely a question of expediency, let her in, she says, she will do no harm."

came a candidate on the republican ticket men still representing the best interests of the citizens' movement called upon me, and asked why I had not made known my wish to have the honor of being mayor that they might have placed me in nomination on the citizens' ticket.

"Now, if I was good enough to be a candidate on the citizens' ticket, how is it that I am suddenly so morally oblique and lacking in integrity as to be the tool of the democratic party?"

A statement from the republican camp also furnishes the news that Alex Langel, bartender candidate for city clerk on the citizens' ticket, is now in good standing after a strong vote by Langel. It also conveys the intimation heard previously on the streets that liquor was liberally used by the citizens in nominating the present ticket.

Tribune Threw Him Down.

When the citizens' party organ threw Langel down, after it discovered his liquor affiliations—which was after the primaries, though the Tribune had boasted that it had superior facilities for the investigation of the various candidates for nomination and hence was entitled to dictate the ticket—there was a general tendency on the part of the inner citizens' ring to keep Alex in the back-ground.

But Alex wouldn't be ditched. He was the nominee and entitled to the support of the campaign committee. He told the Kellertes so pointedly, and now his picture is out on thousands of cards as the "ultra-good" candidate for clerk, and his name is up on the streamers along with that of his chief.

COMM. CAMINETTI REVOKES ORDER TO DEPORT MILITANT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

said that in view of the fact that her system had been undermined by six hunger strikes in various prisons abroad, she did not believe she would be able to survive a seventh.

That there will be no forcible feeding of Mrs. Pankhurst on Ellis Island was made plain by Holder Irvine, who has the contract for feeding the immigrants.

"The duty of my department will end," he said, "when a waiter goes to the room occupied by Mrs. Pankhurst and asks for her order."

Pres. Wilson Sunday night called a conference for early Monday with Secy. Wilson of the department of labor and Commissioner General Caminetti of the immigration bureau. High government officials who are believed to know the attitude of the president, predicted that Mrs. Pankhurst would be admitted.

Earlier in the day Commissioner Caminetti, after an informal hearing of counsel, has declined to release Mrs. Pankhurst on bond from the Ellis Island immigration station, where she is being confined pending final action on her appeal from the order of deportation issued in New York Saturday.

Mr. Caminetti informally sought the advice of his superiors on the questions at issue and applied to the white house for a conference. The president had been taking a keen interest in the case, realizing the important international phases of the question.

Though the statutes give the secretary of labor final authority in immigration cases, presidents hitherto desired placed on such cases.

In view of the early conference at the white house, the formal proceedings in the case will be postponed from 9 o'clock until later in the morning.

DEAD MAN STILL UNKNOWN

Efforts to identify the unknown man who committed suicide by taking carbolic acid in a shed on South st. over two months ago, have been unsuccessful by police of Keokuk, Ia.

Word was received from that city last week asking for information about the deceased, who was buried two weeks ago, after every effort had been made to ascertain who he was.

A letter was received Monday morning from there stating that they had not been able to identify him from the pictures. A man disappeared from there about two months ago.

## WAS ENGINEER DEAD WHEN WRECK CAME

### Train Man Who Is Blamed For Fatal Wreck at Ginger Hill May Have Died in His Cab From Heart Failure Before Collision, Say Engineers.

That Engineer Tom Jefferson, who was blamed by coroner's verdict for the recent wreck on the C. I. & S. railroad at Ginger Hill in which he and two trainmen lost their lives, may have dropped dead from heart failure before the collision is the opinion of many engineers who were close friends of the dead man and are loud in their praise of his splendid railroad record covering many years.

Jefferson's last spoken words, "Here's where we are delayed for 35" is to them conclusive evidence that he had his orders and planned to obey them when death struck him down in his cab with his fireman ignorant that a dead hand held the throttle.

The contention is expressed in the following communication written by a fellow engineer to express the sentiments of the railroad men who knew him best.

What the direct cause of the Ginger Hill wreck seven miles west of South Bend on the C. I. & S. R. R. on Oct. 10, will never be known. In honor to Engineer Tom Jefferson, who was looked up to by both officials and employees as a standard to gauge an ideal engineer, this statement is made.

Mr. Jefferson and his two brakemen lost their lives in this wreck. The fireman, the only one left to tell of his awful experience, made several conflicting statements which are not to be wondered at considering those dreadful moments he passed through. He stated that Engineer Jefferson had shut off the throttle with the remark, "Here is where we get delayed by 35" No. 95, No. 95 being the west bound train he had orders to meet at Ginger Hill, and that after shutting the throttle and apparently going to use his air to stop on the main line to allow No. 95 to take the siding, his life went out and he was a dead man before the collision.

Similar Case on L. E. & W.

This statement may sound strange, but a similar occurrence on an L. E. & W. passenger train at Laporte a

few weeks ago when the fireman stopped.

Both these men were apparently in the best of health and had worked every day for 25 or 30 years.

Mr. Jefferson made a request to increase his life insurance sometime ago, but was rejected on account of heart trouble, and Mr. Flaherty passed through a similar experience and was rejected for insurance by the Brotherhood of Engineers, of which he was a member for years.

The officials and the many friends of Mr. Jefferson are at a loss to explain what happened. It was not carelessness, for he was an engineer that would not steal time nor take a chance, and in all his years of railroad work was always on the safe side. He never was disciplined nor reprimanded, but at all times looked upon as a 100 per cent perfect.

Officials Praised Him.

One of our high officials expressed himself to an engineer a few years ago when a train passed with Engineer Jefferson at the throttle, that he was always pleased when he saw Jefferson as one of those few men who would be landed on time without any trouble.

Mr. Jefferson had been on these fast runs for years and knew every foot of the road and on this fatal trip was at his best and not overworked, being five hours and 15 minutes on duty.

On the evening of Oct. 2 the writer had his last talk with Mr. Jefferson. We spoke of this "safety first" movement, which the company has taken a great deal of time and expense to make an issue for the employees and the public.

Mr. Jefferson was noted for his carefulness and I complimented him, saying, "Tom, I like your work because you set a splendid example and you don't take any chances."

"Yes, and I won't take any chances either and wish every engineer would do the same," was his answer.

So considering all that has been said the evidence brought out at the investigation and the past life of Tom Jefferson, we believe he was dead before the accident happened.

FROM THE ENGINEERS AND FELLOW WORKMEN WHO LOVED TOM.

SENEGANT'S WIFE IMPROVED.

The condition of Mrs. William Barnhart, wife of Police Desk Sergeant Barnhart, who has been ill during the past week, is much improved.

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN DEAD.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—Arthur Chamberlain, brother of former colonial secretary Joseph Chamberlain, died Monday in Devonshire, where he was spending a vacation. He was involved in a war scandal in 1901. This resulted in libel suits against a number of newspaper.

SEE WYMAN'S WINDOW.

An Oriental Rug Window of Rugs, 10 to 25 per cent reduced, for Monday and Tuesday—at the Wyman store.—Advertisement.

## ACCUSE JEROME OF DECEIVING FELKER

### Thaw Counsel Asserts Attorney Presented Governor With a Fake Indictment Intending to Mislead Him.

CONCORD, N. H., Oct. 20.—Attorneys for Harry K. Thaw Monday took the offensive in their fight against Wm. Travers Jerome. They filed with Gov. Felker a brief directly accusing Jerome of breach of faith and attempting to deceive the governor when he declared that indictment had been returned against Thaw in New York state. The brief says in part:

"We are confident that Mr. Jerome made this statement with the intended purpose of misleading your excellency as to the facts."

"It is evident that Mr. Jerome made this statement with the deliberate purpose of deceiving you in that he wished you to believe that an indictment was still in force and in existence against Mr. Thaw."

"If the members of the Dutchess county grand jury when they were dismissed on Oct. 6th had been allowed to state the facts which took place in their proceedings the statement would have branded Mr. Conners letter which was written on Oct. 1, as absolutely false and they would have also established the fact that the indictment presented to your excellency was intended to mislead you, because no legal indictment had ever been found against Mr. Thaw."

"We submit that when Mr. Jerome filed the alleged indictment he presented documents which are absolutely false and without foundation."

"We would also suggest to your excellency that Mr. Thaw can never be placed on trial for the offense with which they charged him unless an indictment shall be found."